The Gospel Of Adolf



Transcribed by Alfred Underhill

The Jew

Let it be not forgotten, the Jew is not of another race. Nay, for they are the anti-race. Nor are they another form of human, nor lesser than, but they are the anti-human. An unnatural and abysmal, mechanistic monstrosity devoid of divine essence. They are not shadow; they are darkness itself. Artificially animated by an abominable aberration, a vulgar simulacrum of the holy spark that inhabits Man. Its impermanence is only eclipsed by its imperfection. This is the cause of their covetousness. Their niggardly clinging to all they can grasp derives from the realization that their doom is annihilation. The concrescence of the eschaton is a death knell for their fleeting existence. For the Jew, there is naught beyond. Thus, arises the archetype of "the wandering Jew." An alien everywhere, at home only in negation of holy creation. Destined to drift, forlorn amongst the empty eternities, collapsing into oblivion.

The Jew's miserly machinations are a testament to this Truth. Echoed by their impulse to acquire corporeal immortality through technology. They are the most egregious of tricksters for they even seek to cheat the very will of God. This Truth manifests in their most of mundane of mannerisms. Be it their usurious financial scheme's or their daily manipulative speech. Ultimately, they lust after what they cannot have, and yearn to usurp that which can never truly be theirs'.

The Jew even worships a jealous apparition. Whom they defilingly call a god, known by the epithets; Jehovah, YHVH, and other infernal utterances. This phantom is but a mirror of their own inadequacies and foolish desires. Whose envy begins at the witnessing of the Aryan's inherent spiritual nature. Understanding only, their own deficiency. This would be tragic, if not for the ignoble response the Jew has to such a realization. For they strive to deceive spirit into falling to, then further below, the station of the Jew. The possibility of such a notion matters not, as they will do this if only out of spite.

Corruption and deception are not merely the preferred methods of the Jew. These despicable tactics are the only means they possess. Unable to create, they can only pervert. This all leads me to even more uncomfortable quandaries.

Dare I even label the Jew, as a "thing." The thought alone, beleaguers my wit and bedevils my mind. Only through God's grace and countenance may I entertain such a profane presumption. At least, for the sake of contemplative exercise we shall let the concept be.

Such wonders give shape to the Mysterium Tremendum. Which astound even the wisest of men. Leaving us to bravely ponder. Why this anomaly came to be, only God might know. If we could, would we even comprehend?

Alas, in confidence, this I can declare… To hate the Jew, is to love God.

The Demiurge

Who is this being, that the Jew calls their god? This King of Filth. Lord of Carrion. Craftsman of Chaos. Detritivore of Decadence. Desecrator of the Primordial Waters. The Demiurge…

Am I to surmise that this entity self-emanated out of its own darkness? Is it God's eternal rival, brethren only equal in opposite measure? Let us say, that their relation perpetuates through negation. Just as the True name of God cannot be spoken, due to its divine ineffability. So too, the True name of the Demiurge shall not be spoken, due to its absolute profanity.

Howbeit, if this Demiurge is lesser and not counterpart to the ultimate God, shall I entertain the myths? Since time immemorial, tales have survived of those who profess witness to its genesis. Chronicled that the Demiurge is but an aborted bastard child of creation, a bricoleur baby bumbling out of buffoonery.

Hark ye and rejoice! No matter what origins the Demiurge claims, or the truth whence it came, this does not hinder us from knowing what it is. For ye shall know it by its fruits and the rot they bear. Its tree is a sacrilege; its roots are despair. It blossoms in darkness; its beauty is perverse. Its pleasure is poison, its promises worse. How we ever mistook such swill for the holy nectar, continues to confound me.

There is no curse in the tongues of men befit for this scornful specter. All fall short of its absolute iniquity. What scoffing could affect the arrogance of this accursed apparition? Through only its spurious sense of pride, can derision enter its mind. Often, I doubt whether its Jewish minions are insulted by these Truths that lay before their cloven hooves. Their repulsion could simply be just psychic indigestion. Such septic scum might be incapable of fully understanding their odiousness.

Ne’er I imagined giving great contemplation to the contemptuous. To verbalize this devilry contaminates the tongue and defiles speech. But let it be heard, blessed are ye who receive the Word. Truth is empyrean. Purifying all it graces, burning away all obscenity. May the universe, in all its incarnations, be engulfed by the sacred fire. The flame eternal, raging in the hearts of every Aryan, shall incinerate the reprobate. As the synagogue of sin smolders in the rubble of their ruin. Unto ash shalt thou return, ye slithering spawns of Leviathan.

The Universe

Temporal existence, O' how you challenge my convictions. Damn ye quarrelsome contradictions! Why must you taunt me? Must I attain this *coincidentia oppositorum*, and reconcile the preposterous paradox, so that I may rest?

This struggle ever persists in combating me, tormenting my mind. How do I love this world I am in-but-not-of? At first glance, it appears obvious that this reality is worthy of love. We become transfixed by its proportions, beguiled by its pleasures, and bewitched by its patterns; we stand paralyzed in bewilderment. Petrified, we confuse this stillness with serenity.

Lo and behold, for an honest gaze into this predicament reveals what a decrepit reality it truly can be. It should not be lost on you, the informed, that the current nations in power are ruled by the worst among us. To be candid, these nations are controlled by a shapeshifting syndicate of sanguinarian, anthropophagus, pedophile Jews. Whose puppets and pawns are many, and crimes too innumerable to count.

Lurking in the shadows, these vermilingua have infected every industry and institution with their diabolical degeneracy. Exacerbating involution, they prey on the weak-hearted and feeble-minded who in turn do their bidding. If there is information the Jews do not control; they then pollute the zeitgeist with falsehoods, promote depravity, and praise all ills that sicken the souls of men. The common

fools who ignorantly accept and are befouled by these mental maladies, pontificate and proliferate these plagues unbeknownst to the danger. These false accusers then persecute any who doubt and dare dissent. Jews have the entire world nearly in the clenches of their claws.

To even have swindled their way to such heights brings one to question, if we incarnated into a dominion of God, then how can such villainy succeed in its efforts? Do we lay blame on poor stewardship? To you, my God, does this wretched wreckage belong? Unless is does not. Perhaps this is a realm deficient of its own innate divinity. Or so my mutinous mind meanders to amuse the madness.

Longer than I remember, I have laid witness to the horrors inherent in this Kingdom of Disease, Death, and Decay. Recycled in flesh, revolving on the wheel of time. Spinning… ne'er spiraling.

So, whence does my enamorment arise? For what lure's me to dance beneath the waterfall is more than just the sirens call. A spirit which pirouettes on the melody of the wind whispers to those who will listen, "Hark ye, yet again… the little lower layer."

Flora and fauna dance in tandem with the numinous, in a fluidic flux. Through the marshes and meadows, forests and fjords. O' how the dayspring doth visit me, even amidst my deepest weeps and wails. Fractals of mercurial waves pour over me like poetry at the edge of running water. Braided strands of genetic memories pulsate throughout my being. The hammer and drum of ancestral rhythm awakens me to attendance.

Divine beauty does permeate throughout this material world! Seeping through this illusion, an aethereal fragrance graces our senses. Echoes of the holy symphony reverberate betwixt every atom. Neither confined nor bound by the

physics in which it rings. Singing through the strums of quantum strings. Every node and note resonate with reason. They that hath ears, let them ear. Thou art a cadenza and can harmonize with the hymn at any moment. Let not the cacophony deafen nor lull you. Thine music is greater and grows louder when ye are in tune with divinity. Repent and reprise! Return to the theme. God is kulning, calling you home.

Come ye! O' blood of Arya, Children of the White, Lord of the Light. Sing in accord and recite the Word that ye hath now heard. He is bringing the sword to sever your ties to the ward of the night. Now cometh the Knight of the Lord.

The Savior

Adolf Hitler *blessed be his name*

The once and future Führer

But soft, I speak. For no expression captures his glory. Out of absolute adoration I ask of thee to absolve me. As I assay to speak of your splendor.

With grace did come the Führer, to free our folk from fetters of flesh. Who's sacrifice now exists as an energy unto itself. Accessible and applicable to all Aryan's. Warriors of the *unwavering race;* let nothing you affright! The force of the Führer billows in our bones. With it we shall conquer and eradicate our cowardice, saving ourselves from this untoward generation.

Son of the Source; beget from the luminous spark of the incorruptible virgin spirit, his presence saturates our veins with vril from womb to tomb. Marvelous power, slumbering in our soul, awaits to be awoken.

O' valiant and beloved, Allfather, in thy name I rejoice! Thou hast shown us the way, and it is thee. At each epoch, manifesting in various forms, you descended from the throne. Bearing the gospel, lifting our hearts to the gates of liberation. Through our own sacrifice, you welcome us to dine in the halls of the Eternal Reich.

Harken to the horns, progeny of Europa! Fate has composed the saga, and through only the strength of your *will* can you arise to meet it. Let it be known, for the treacherous shall tremble and be trampled beneath our feet. No sanctuary shall conceal the ignoble. Titans shall fall into the sea, swept away by the storm, their lamentations drowned out by our songs of victory. Left naked before indomitable Light, they shall whimper and grovel to no avail. For the putrid will perish with the world they crave to keep.

Triumph hath been bestowed upon the clan of the blessed. Jubilation reserved for those worthy of honor. Order is at hand. So, march towards the end, with The Savior in your hearts. As he accompanies all Aryan’s who call upon his name.

Hail Victory!

Hail Hitler!

In the year of our Lord, 131 A.H.

I hereby profess this manifesto to be True.

For these are not my words, they are the Logos.
To which I laid witness, and for its sake I inscribed.
Let ye who hath understanding take heed of this herald.

The Aryan is infinite, God is within us.
Let nothing you dismay.
The Jew will always perish
and you will Live beyond their day.

